

The Watchman and Southron.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

The *Sumter Watchman* was founded in 1850 and the *True Southron* in 1866. The *Watchman and Southron* now has the combined circulation and influence of both of the old papers, and is manifestly the best advertising medium in Sumter.

## EDITORIAL ITEMS.

There are some apprehensions of a general European war, as a consequence of the Bulgarian troubles. We in the South have every reason to hope that peace may continue, for we have nothing to gain and all to lose by such an event.

President Cleveland is still in the Adirondacks, hunting, fishing and resting from cares of State. He will return to Washington about the first of October. We are sure Mr. Cleveland deserves a pleasant vacation, and hope he will continue to enjoy it.

Mr. Bayard's special envoy to Mexico, lawyer Sewick, who is said to have gotten gloriously drunk the first night he arrived at the Mexican capital, is said to have developed no new propensity by that act, but having made a reputation for fondness of midnight orgies, years ago in Washington.

The New Deal movement of which so much was said in South Carolina prior to the meeting of the State Convention seems to be "catching." In looking over a list of forty-seven candidates nominated in various States for Congress in the past few weeks, twenty were new men, their predecessors having been laid on the shelf.

Primaries are being held all over the State. Each day brings in the report of some counties' choice, conveying joy or sorrow to so many hearts. All the poor candidate! We doubt if any other condition in life is more thoroughly aggravating. We are glad to know that the Sumter crowd all know their fate and are off the tender books of uncertainty.

The responses to Charleston's call for aid is most gratifying. We suppose that never before has there been such a unanimous expression of sympathy for the unfortunate. Charleston's debt of gratitude will be deep; but she deserves all the help she may receive. Her people never staid in giving to the cause of charity and she is most worthy of a return of benefits.

We find a distressing sameness in our exchanges this week. Nothing but the earthquake is worthy of printer's ink in South Carolina. We have searched in vain for sufficient editorial clippings on other subjects to fill our usual column, and so perforce we must talk about the earthquake even there. Bill Arp also has a sayso about the matter, written in his usually readable style.

Pulitzer, of the *World*, who resigned from Congress and ran away to Europe when the Pan Electric investigation became too hot for him, has returned and the columns of his paper are again filled with the venom which flows so freely from his pen. It is not surprising that his paper has a large circulation among the slaves of New York, for it caters to the depraved taste of the lowest, but we can not understand how reputable Democrats can help sustain such a vicious sheet.

Alexander, of Bulgaria, whose forcible deposition several weeks ago, and subsequent return we have already mentioned, has finally abdicated. Of course he did this because compelled by Russia. She is determined that no unfriendly power shall stand between her and Turkey, and hence her opposition to Alexander. This is a direct blow at poor old Turkey, and while we have no sympathy whatever with her, it is very evident that Russian aggression is antagonistic to civilization and freedom, and should be put a check to it.

Capt. Hugh L. Farley, of Spartanburg, who was defeated in the recent race for A. and F. General comes out in an open letter, and makes a bitter attack on Messrs. Dawson and Brawley of Charleston, holding them responsible for his defeat before the State Executive Committee. We very heartily favored Capt. Farley's candidacy before both the Convention and Committee, but think his letter in bad taste, and not of a nature to add to the Captain's popularity in the State.

Our readers doubtless remember the marriage between Victoria, daughter of the Italian banker Morosini, and his coachman Hulskamp, some two years ago. Mrs. Hulskamp has had abundant time to repent of her ill-advised marriage, and she has doubtless done so, as she has eloped again, presumably with a New York dude with more money than brains. There is no certainty as to the person she has gone with, but she has certainly left her husband and her whereabouts are unknown.

The first of the international yacht races between England and the United States came off near New York, last Monday. The Mayflower—Yankee—and the Galatea—British—were the contestants. The weather was fine and the number of excursion boats in attendance was immense. The New York *Sun* gives a detailed account of the race, and we clip the following account of the return of the victorious boat, as a sample of the enthusiasm felt in New York: "More than 400 boats awaited her coming. Again a path had been made for her. The happy throng would have built a triumphal arch above it had that been possible. The hoarse welcome began when she was half a mile away,

but words are inadequate to tell how the air became blue and sulphurous with the smoke of gunpowder and then foggy with steam from heaven knows how many steamers, or how the tens of thousands on the boats cheered and were answered faintly, as it seemed, by other cheers from the tens of thousands on the shores, or how women joined in the cheers with waving handkerchiefs, or stood silent with eyes wet with excitement. Never did the hills of Staten Island echo such a roar, and never had so great a throng gathered there to see a race finished. The Mayflower finished at 4h. 22m. 53s. The Galatea came handsomely over the line 12m. and 39s. later, and was welcomed until the steamers ran their steam gauges down to hard pan."

## THE SUMTER DELEGATION.

Our legislative delegation are new men, and their constituents will watch with deep interest their development into active legislators. All have good stuff in their composition; they are young, energetic and practical, and we have every reason to look for a good report from them in the coming session of the Legislature. However, we seriously doubt the policy of electing an entirely new delegation when it can be avoided, and we therefore regret the defeat of Capt. E. M. Cooper, the only member of the old delegation who was a candidate. Experience is a most valuable adjunct in making a useful legislator. The longer he serves, the more usefully can he serve, when he has brains and honesty to back his experience.

The delegation is not entirely unanimous on the prominent questions before the County, and in order to properly represent the County, we do not think they ought to be; for the voters themselves are badly split up on the same questions. However, all the delegation favor the College and Citadel, most of them believing that a tuition fee should be charged in the former. The Agricultural College is mildly endorsed while the Girls' Industrial School receives a black eye. The lien law is endorsed warmly by the Senator, but is opposed by Messrs. Cain and Wilson. Mr. Shaw thinks that full corn cribs and meat houses are the most effectual defence against its evils, while Mr. Moses believes it the simplest way of getting credit when credit is necessary. The completion of the Canal is favored by the Senator, if the progress of the work and the expense have been such as is reported by its friends. Maj. Wilson is equally pronounced in his opposition to further appropriations. Messrs. Moses and Shaw oppose any additional aid unless its completion be near at hand. Mr. Cain wishes more light before forming an opinion. Mr. Moses will favor, if practicable, an arrangement by which two scholarships may be granted each County, which will entitle the holders to free tuition and board at the S. C. College. Mr. Shaw will favor a bill to make the office of A. and I. General honorary—no expense being attached to it, except for travelling. Of course they are all practical men, and a more intimate acquaintance with these various matters, will probably change their views to some extent. We believe the affairs of Sumter County can be very safely entrusted into their hands, and as was said before, we expect a good report from them in the next Legislature.

We see no need of any labored campaign this year on the part of the Democrats, and think the State Ex. Committee acted wisely in limiting the canvass as they did. There are no issues before the people which could very safely be discussed just now, unless the Republicans nominate a ticket—which is hardly probable. There are differences of opinion on many subjects among ourselves, and the nominees on the State ticket have views as widely diverging as the people themselves. We doubt if the ticket as a whole is agreed upon any one of the questions which have been so vigorously discussed in the various County campaigns. The Canal, Free Education, the Lien Law, the Agricultural College, all have advocates and opponents on the State ticket, and it would be the extreme of folly to precipitate a discussion which would end in widening the differences, and if we had political opposition, would result in defeating the ticket. Hence we think the Ex. Committee were wise in giving as little opportunity as possible to speech-making in this campaign.

There is no doubt but that this campaign will be run with but little money. The people will be satisfied that their duty is performed when they vote, and if money is asked for, will see no need of responding. But it takes money to run a political campaign; and while it is rightfully expected that the successful candidates must bear the greater portion of the financial burden, it is not right that they should have all the expense to meet. Those who can give of their abundance to help in a good cause should do so; but, as we have previously remarked, money will be conspicuous for its absence in this campaign.

And while the counties are practicing economy, the State will, perforce, do the same. An intimate acquaintance with the expenses of a county canvass, gives us an idea of the necessary expenses of the State. There is no need of hiring Democratic orators to stump the State. Not one of the seven meetings arranged by the Executive Committee need cost the State one cent, because it is as much the duty of each

candidate on the State ticket to pay his expenses to and from these meetings, as it is for the county candidates to pay their expenses in canvassing the County. There is no need of hiring brass bands or buying red shirts, for this will not be a hurrah campaign. Nor is there any need of spacious Democratic Headquarters in Columbia; unless some patriotic individuals furnish them at their own expense. The correspondence can be attended to by the Secretary in his own office, and the Committee can meet wherever they choose to rent a room at their own expense—just as the County Committees have to do. So that the expense is narrowed down to printing tickets for the election in November, advertising, (judging by our experience a very small item,) and postal expenses.

We write on this subject now, because it is about time for the State Committee to assess Counties for campaign expenses, and if a favorable response is expected, an economic requisition should be made.

## OUR BEST WISHES

To the successful competitors in the late canvass, and we trust that the sanguine expectations of official enjoyment on the part of the "new men" may be fully realized, but above all we hope they will make useful and efficient officers. "Public office is a public trust," is a well worn truism, but not the less pertinent because of that fact; and no man is worthy to hold office who does not so regard it. We know how those already in office, and who have been re-elected, look upon such matters. The faithful discharge of the duties of their office has richly merited the confidence and votes of their fellow citizens, and we are confident that Sumter County will be abundantly satisfied with the "new deal" if the example of their older official brethren be followed.

## SEED COTTON.

We publish to-day the resolutions adopted by the Farmers' Club at Bethel, in reference to the traffic in seed cotton. This matter is of the greatest importance and while the passage of a law limiting the traffic would work inconvenience to some, there is urgent need for legislation to check cotton thieves, and their rascally coadjutors—the keepers of cross road liquor shops.

We can assure the farmers of Sumter county, that if they can satisfy our legislative delegation that farmers want such a law, there will be no difficulty in having it.

Written for the Watchman and Southron.

## Recollections of Potter's Raid.

NUMBER X.

We left the body of the trooper in the street, wetting in his blood. He was dead. I have wondered and questioned in my mind as to this stranger, of his home? of his family? and if tidings of his shocking death, when he seemingly so least expected it, had ever reached them? The squadron of cavalry, as they rode up the street and saw his body in its blood and dust, were like madmen; and with fearful curses upon the town rode by, with deafening yells, in hot haste. After their fruitless pursuit, a guard was ordered to remove the body, and he was borne over to the residence of Mr. J. E. Blakely. The shot from the aim of C. H. Jones' gun had torn his face terribly, and he bled freely.

They met Mrs. Blakely at her door with their bleeding charge. It was an appalling sight to her. They bore him into the house, and were about to place him upon her white counterpane bed. She was horrified at this, and insisted, protested, that they should not ruin her best bed by placing the bleeding man upon it.

What must I do with him?

They replied, you must take care of him.

Treat him in the best possible manner—as if he was your brother. They consented to use the bedding and other requisite bed clothing which were offered, and he was laid between the two rear rooms. A guard was then placed. They were relieved regularly through the night, and early next morning, Sunday, April 9th, the lonely stranger was wrapped in a blanket and borne into the yard where a grave had been hurriedly prepared (in the squash bed,) and they buried him. Gen'l Potter had no chaplain, there were no funeral services. His body lies there to-day. (At this time I am surprised, when in every instance the U. S. Government has taken such particular and expensive care of all the Union dead, who have been reported to the authorities at Florence where, for this District is situated the Government cemetery. When there last, to make inquiry of the officer in charge, in the United States Army Register of Officers, concerning one, who appears in these "recollections," and if possible to find his whereabouts, there were then in the near neighborhood of three thousand bodies buried—white and black. Not every body carried there, however, as a Union soldier is received. Entire satisfaction as to his identity must be given. Surely in this case all the proof necessary could be furnished. His body should be there.) Mrs. Blakely passed the night in actual terror. The presence of the dead, the presence of the guard, and the confusion through the night, incident on the relief, and then the general situation made the premises a thoroughfare for all. The house was full of the black soldiers all night, and was ransacked; every thing in the shape of clothing and food was taken from her. She was left with nothing to subsist on. Mr. Blakely was handled roughly, and his life was repeatedly threatened if he did not at once deliver up the hidden treasure put by others in his hands for safe keeping. If I mistake not, a rope was put around the old gentleman's neck, more than once. It was a night of terror to them.

It might have been about six o'clock in the afternoon that a knock was heard at our front door. It was a surprise, because we had no footpastes, it was answered by a faint girl about 12 years old, who heard what was said, I

young gentleman said his tent was at our fence, and he wouldn't hurt us. He had on beautiful clothes."

Where is he?

He is gone out of the gate. This is a streak of light. He must mean well, go and find him, and ask him to come back that I want to see him. She was gone a short time, and he had returned with her. When entering my room, and seeing me in bed, he withdrew. I said, walk in Sir, my condition prevents my meeting you. Walk in. He came in and at the door he made a profound bow, taking off his hat, (a light felt hat,) and placing it under his left arm. There was very much in that bow to calm and quiet us.

I asked him to be seated.

Remarking, "this trunk is inconvenient," he sat down upon it. His youthful appearance combined with his delicate frame, his reservedness, and diffidence, all drew me to him. He sat in silence a moment, and then taking a bit of paper from his vest pocket he asked, "is this your name?" reading it.

He had my entire name correctly written. He slowly folded up the paper and replaced it in his pocket.

'You are pastor of the Church of this place, and that is your Church?'

'Yes, but my Church building is on the next parallel street with this.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I have been there, and the darkies have possession of it. The soldiers are in it.'

'Where is the pastor of this Church?'

'Referring to the building next to us. 'He is in the army as chaplain.'

He said:

'I feel very much for you. My mother and family are of your Church, and while I have a great deal to do, I have come in to say to you, that if I can help you in any way I am willing to do so. I have picked my tent as near you as I can. It adjoins your fence, (How at once did my mind revert to the thirty-fourth Psalm and seventh verse.) and while I am there you can have me called. The darkies on the street all speak well of you. They give you a good character. They tell me you have been sick in bed for some time.'

'Yes, sir, we are all in much anxiety. My fever does not abate, and I am needing the attention of my physician.'

'Where are all the men of the place?'

'The citizens left the town last night.'

'Do they propose to concentrate and oppose us?'

'I rather think that is their intention.'

I asked him then his name, and if he was a married man?

'Waterman is my name, from California. I am too young to be married. He blushed and was confused.'

'Why did you not leave the town when all the rest retired? It would have been best for you. They should not have left you here alone. Those in authority here should have remained and not deserted the place.'

'I was too sick to travel, and I did not see my way clear to desert my home just as this negro army was coming. Their presence is a great terror to us. We have had to do with negroes all our lives and are not afraid of them; but armed negro soldiers, recognized as such—we are alarmed when we see them. Who is the general? Do you know him?'

'His name is Potter. Have not been much with him; but he seems to be a kind-hearted man. They all tell me he is a Baptist preacher.'

'Are the officers white?'

'The commissioned ones are; but there is only one commissioned negro, a mulatto Lieutenant, from Massachusetts. He is the only negro officer among them.'

(I may have more to say of this mulatto man.)

'Do they control them—these negro soldiers?'

'They try to do so.'

'Do you suppose,' he asked 'there is any liquor that these negroes can have access to in your town? For if there is, their excesses can hardly be imagined, and then they'd be beyond all control.'

I asked 'what are your duties? Can't you remain at your tent?'

'I am a Lieutenant in the Engineer Corps. I have a great deal to do before night.'

Here our conversation was interrupted by the greatest commotion in the yard. He got up and walked to the backdoor, and said the negro troops are shutting around you, and then the hired servant came running into the room in the greatest alarm, and speaking to him said, 'one gentleman in de kitchen, de break open my box.'

'How do you know?'

'I hear 'em,' she said, 'ain't you hear 'em?'

He smiled at this, and told her to go and bring into the house all that belonged to her, if it was not already taken. We concluded then to bring from there all the kitchen furniture; but everything was taken; and they were sweating out, leaving us literally nothing to cook with.

He then went on to say, that his orders had been 'to repair the bridges which were burned by retreating men, but a report just made me, leaves me but little to do, as the fire was extinguished by the rain last night.'

He asked, 'do you know the citizen who has come to Gen. Potter asking protection? He is much handicapped, and says he waved a white handkerchief to us as we marched into the town, from the piazza of a white house?'

I told him I had no idea who he was. 'Well, he claims protection.'

## Condemning Seed Cotton Traffic.

At a farmers' club meeting held at Bethel Church, Sept. 4th the following resolutions were offered by Dr. H. T. Abbott, and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, 1st. That we as a club and as citizens are opposed to the traffic in seed cotton.

Resolved, 2nd. That the President of this club be requested to communicate with other farmers' clubs of the county, and make a joint petition to the Legislature to enact a law requiring all persons buying seed cotton to pay a license of at least five hundred dollars a year. After the 10th day of December of each year laws to be void.

[From our Regular Correspondent.] WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11, 1886.

Washington has been somewhat dull since the adjournment of Congress and the departure of the President. The earthquake shook it up a little, but nothing in comparison to the election of a Democratic President. Since that event, nothing surprises the average Washingtonian, who looks upon all sublimity and subterranean disturbances with an indifference which seems to say

"With that dire retrospection curst My only solace is to know What'er befalls, I've seen the worst."

What is that worst? Why to be on the jumble and lose the money he had borrowed at ten per cent interest per month, and then to be dismissed for offensive good-for-nothingness. But this as we Democrats say of the war, is ancient history.

Modern or contemporary history as viewed from this standpoint is flat enough. It will be more interesting when the President returns and when Congress gets back. After the fall elections it will be livelier still.

The Departments are moving along in their old ruts. In the Treasury Department, they are keeping books, counting the revenue, making contracts, calling in bonds, auditing accounts, and paying the great army of clerks known as the civil service, as well as the small but expensive army, and the formidable on-the-pay-roll navy. Now that Geronimo and his band of forty thieves are captured the United States Army will take a rest, for it is the intention of Secretary Lamar to shift the Apaches from Arizona to Florida and end Indian wars forever. All the other warriors have either joined Buffalo Bill's Circus or are so civilized and cowed by Government tough beef that they are as harmless as their wooden effigies in front of tobacco stores.

Without any Indians to fight, with diving torpedo boats that can blow up the great iron clads of foreign navies, and with a diplomacy carried on by special envoys, how much longer will these triplets of barbarism, the army, navy, and a sham foreign service have reason to be. Your correspondent is not quite ready to announce the millennium. Jimblaine has broken out in the old place, and the government of the United States is still mal-administered, in great part, by the convicts condemned by the last presidential election to outer darkness with wailing and gnashing of teeth. When will the sentence of that election be carried out, and when will we have in the Departments at Washington a body of employees placed for some other purpose than to work for the Republican party and who now have no dearer object than to hamstring the Democratic administration.

All the Cabinet officers, Mr. Bayard excepted, are out of town. Mr. Lamar is up in Vermont, writing a big speech that he is expected to deliver at the unveiling of a statue of Calhoun in Charleston, S. C. Vermont is as near the politico geographical antipode of the Calhoun cult as the eloquent Mississippi can get, but I predict that his speech will be as far removed from an advocacy of disunion as the Green Mountains are from the centre of earthquakes. The wonder is that Mr. Lamar takes time to write his speech, for the impression prevails that he can say brilliant things on any subject for two hours watch in hand. But the necessity for accuracy and precision of epithet is great nowadays, and Mr. Lamar perhaps does not wish to have to recant as had Mr. Blaine and Mr. Frye in reference to expressions in their recent speeches.

The usual summer improvements, both public and private, have been going on in the city. Many houses have been built, parks have been extended, trees planted, sewers dug and streets paved. The great improvement of reclaiming the Potomac flats with a view to the expurgation of malaria is going on, and it is thought that the city will be in trim betimes for the great centennial celebration of the inauguration of the first President in 1889, when the Washington Monument entwined with the national colors will look like a barber's pole, and the Grant Memorial Bridge spanning the Potomac will furnish an easy approach for the Virginia truck gardeners. But this is sacrilege, and will be discontinued till next week.

## "Guv." on the Earthquake.

Mr. Cio, September 11, 1886.

Mr. Editor: We had convalesced all right from the dose of that said compound, but have been badly relapsed again. Another case of the "shakes," too, but from a different cause. Tried several remedies without avail. We shake in our bodies, in our beds, in our homes and out. We shake in the storm pit and while hugging the biggest trees. The papers state that all class, race and other distinctions were obliterated for the time in Charleston. With us we all, with one accord, became of one denomination, "Shaking Quakers," though quaking shakers would be more appropriate. We'll venture to say too, that our convictions were one and the same—miserably, helplessly sinners—that we were simultaneously wider awake than ever before at the same hour and that none of us felt so well.

We have been scared before. Been scared for four years at a time, but this was not that. The worst shake we've received is our shaken faith and confidence in the substantial solidity of mother earth, and our reverence for the staid and dignified stability of her character.

We had always looked on her as a good place for a home and a safe one, though we'd often been warned that we'd never get away from her alive. We'd called her terra firma, but she's lost her surname.

Mr. Editor, when a body is afraid to dig a hole in the ground, when he keeps a sharp lookout for fissures, and crevices and geyzers; when a fellow creeps runs all the dogs off his place for scratching fleas and jarring the floor, this world is in a bad way, and it is some consolation to know at last that the moon is inhabited and business seems to be going on there all right and quiet. Couldn't C. Blinding be prevailed on to set something about a rail road connection at once? We never before thought we'd ever really desire to become a Luna ticket passenger.

We were sleeping as sound as a righteous man could sleep on that eventful night, when we suddenly became aware that something was up, though it appeared rather to be under. A pull at one foot and a voice, at sound of which we always most generally do bounce, called us to get up, and also asked what is it? What is it? Our first thought was that some gentle zephyrs from the right wing of a cyclone were fanning our shanty rather rudely. Then it appeared as though the old mother had got on a head of steam and was travelling down grade with down brakes over those cressets.

A deep, ominous, awful rumbling, seemingly from the bowels of the world and filling earth and air, was accompa-

nied by an intense vibrative tremor and heaving motion—but who doesn't know all about it? Who cares to have it described? Who wasn't scared, or shocked, or awed into a sense of the utmost helplessness. We've lived on the ground under which Grant was said to have been tunnelling to blow us up. We went in the valley of death at Gettysburg, but but we never did feel so much like leading a prayer meeting as on that fatal night, 31st Aug. ult., A. D. 1866. Any one who in those hours of supreme agony and terror to so many in our land could fail to be moved by a sense of awe and reverential fear,—any one who could act with frivolity, or speak with flippancy; we say, any one who could—(Mr. Editor, is this preaching?) The propensity is strong with us. We come from a line of preachers and would have taken a congregation long ere this, but for the fact that though the preaching comes easy we were afraid our congregation might trip us in the practice.

All honor to those brave souls who could find voice to hymn forth sacred songs in such an hour. They were women—God bless 'em. Wonder if there was any bass voice accompaniment? What were our sex? Keeping time? Making good time, were some, no doubt.

In the earthquake of the past Sir Wm. Hamilton notes an interesting and characteristic feature: In all the ruined towns he visited it was noted that the male dead found under the ruins were in the attitude of struggling against danger, while with the female it was that of weak resignation or maternal protection. They are the 'salt of the earth,' these women, and if they wouldn't make it so awful briny sometimes and not die about on our tender places they would—would—would—lose so much of their salt.

Some are still timid and anxious in regard to the shakes, but what is our condition compared with that of our near neighbors to whom all our hearts have opened with one outburst of sympathetic and substantial aid—"our thrice scourged, but still patient, still brave, still hopeful, still beautiful City by the Sea?"

P. S. The Primary is proceeding to-day at Gregg's X Roads. Some trading of votes is going on as usual, with the usual result—some gain and others make nothing by the swap. We judge that our young fellow-citizen, J. S. Corbett, and his gentlemanly assistant, Sam Colclough, made decidedly the most profitable trades, i. e. behind the counter.

If the existence of worms in the intestines darkens the complexion, is it not reasonable to suppose that their presence will ruin health? Shrier's Indian Vermifuge will destroy and expel them from the body.

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. Is yours falling off or faded? The loss is vital. Parker's Hair Balsam will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant perfect. Prevents dandruff.

## A CARD.

I HEREBY THANK my friends and the citizens of Sumter County for the vote given me on the 11th instant, and pledge myself to work for them to the best of my ability.

Very respectfully,

September 13, 1886. H. G. SHAW.

## COTTON GINNING.

AT \$1.50 PER BALE.

I AM NOW PREPARED TO GIN COTTON with dispatch at my Gin near town for \$1.50 per bale of cotton, and satisfaction guaranteed. Patrons solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

W. ERYN BRUNSON.

Sept. 14.

## Percheron Norman Stallion.

## MAJOR.

THIS FINE STALLION will stand at EPPERSON'S STABLE, Sumter, S. C., commencing Monday, September 13th, and at Mayesville, S. C., on the 14th, and at Gregg's X Roads, on the 15th, and on each alternate week at each place, and on each alternate week from the dates above named. Major is a beautiful red bay, sixteen hands high, and weighs eight hundred pounds in good condition. Walks well under the saddle, and works admirably in harness.

Major was bred and raised by E. E. Dillon & Co., of Bloomsburg, Ill., and is owned by H. R. ADAMS.

Sept. 14.

## Estate of John W. Hawkins, Dec'd.

I WILL APPLY TO THE JUDGE OF Probate for Sumter County on the 14th day of October, 1886, for a final discharge as Administrator of aforesaid Estate.

W. P. HAWKINS, Administrator.

Sept. 14.

## Attention Cotton Ginners.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RUN THE Duplex Gin Saw Filing Machine during the ginning season and answer all calls promptly.

Work guaranteed. References plentiful. Can sharpen 60 saws in 3 hours.

J. M. REID, Mayesville P. O., or Sept. 14. Residence, Gregg's X Roads.

## NOTICE.

## LICENSES.

CLERK AND TREASURER'S OFFICE, SUMTER, S. C., Sept. 13, 1886.

ALL PERSONS who have neglected to apply and pay for License due the Town of Sumter for 1886 upon Vehicles, Carriages, Bicycles, or other means of locomotion, are hereby notified that Execution for collection of same will be issued after 15th September instant.

By order of Council.

C. M. HERST, Clerk & Treas.

Sept. 14.

## Volina Cordial

## CURES

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

It is invigorating and life giving. It gives NEW LIFE to the whole system by Strengthening the Muscles, Tonic for the Nervous System, and completely Disgusting the Food.